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THE SKETCH
AUGUST 1, 1951

2/- *Fortnightly*

The Sketch

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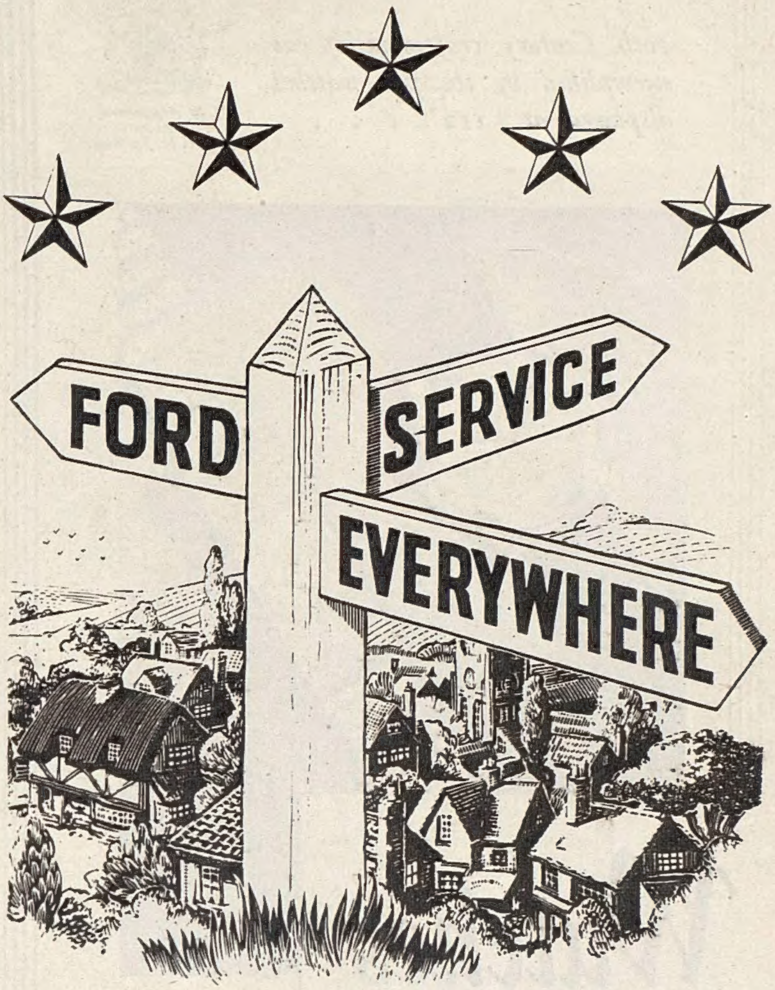

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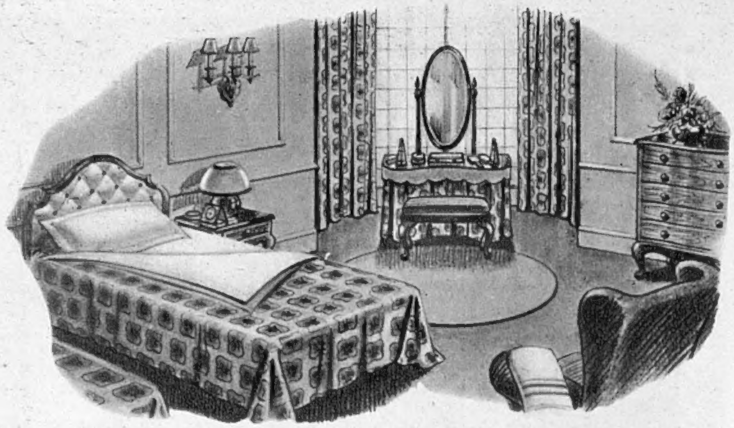

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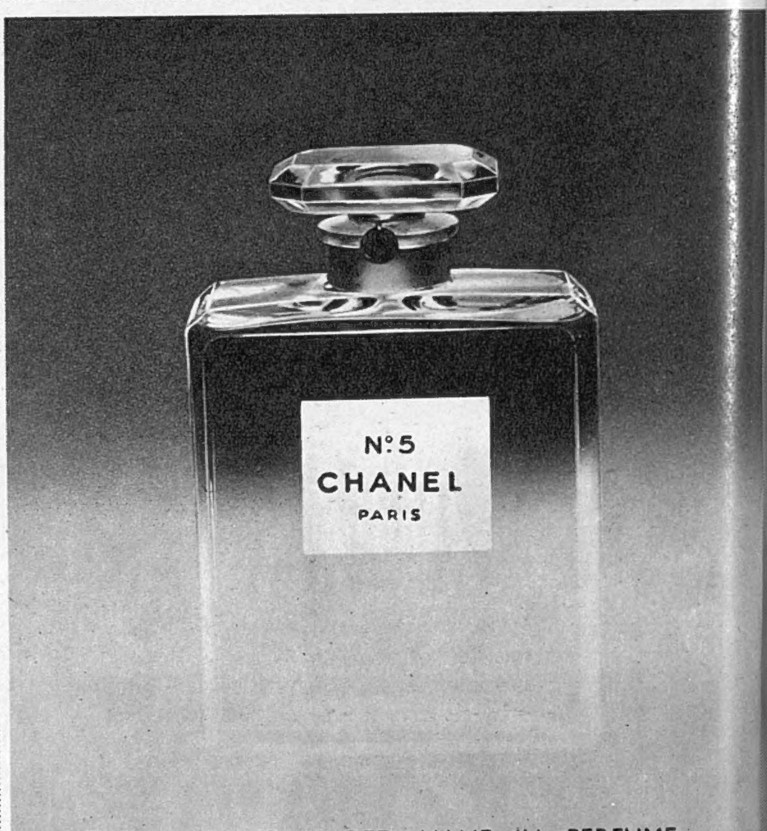


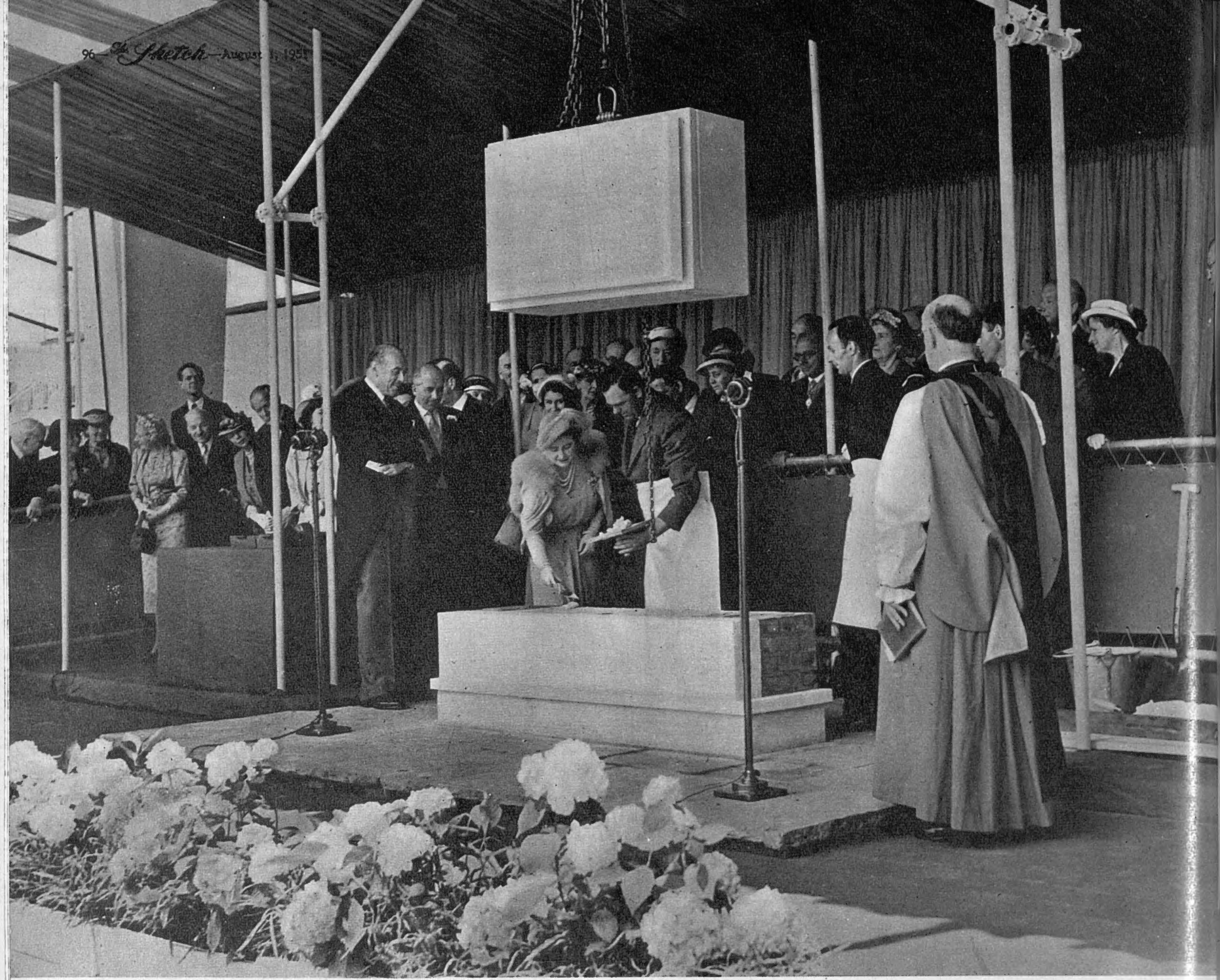
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

CHANEL

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1951

A SMILE THAT WINS ALL HEARTS

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN celebrates her fifty-first birthday on August 4, and with deep affection we offer our congratulations and good wishes for her happiness in the coming year. This informal sunny picture shows the Queen as she stepped from a caravan on her recent visit to the Welsh Industries Fair at Cardiff—just one of the countless public engagements in her crowded programme.



On July 13 her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the National Theatre which is to rise as a memorial to Shakespeare, next to the Royal Festival Hall on the South Bank of the Thames. Watching as she prepares a mortar-bed for the stone are Princess Elizabeth (behind), Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P., chairman of the Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic (to the Queen's right), Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury (back to camera), the Prime Minister, Mr. C. R. Attlee (on the left), actors, actresses, dramatists and critics. The idea of a National Theatre was first discussed in 1903 but plans were frustrated by the two World Wars.

Sketch-Book
(Our Motley Notes)

BY E. D. O'BRIEN

WHETHER it is that the impetus of *Oklahoma!* and *Annie Get Your Gun* have spent themselves; that *Kiss Me Kate* is not so prolific; and that *South Pacific* is not yet with us—the fact remains that it is not possible to listen to dance music anywhere without coming across the tunes of my youth. One gentleman informed me recently that he was "singin' in the rain"—a process I was carrying out with romantic enthusiasm in the year 1928 at one of the first Hunt balls I ever attended: in Chester Town Hall, I think. He also adjured me to "Button up my overcoat when the wind blows free"—which I did in my first term at Oxford.

He further stated that he was "all for" somebody "body an' soul," which I associate with my first Commem. Ball. Ah! the gardens of Magdalen, the fairy lights, the black looks of the rest of the deserted party, two glasses of champagne under a great tree and being "heart handfast in heart" with a charming young lady in pink tulle who was my first love and who had a delicious habit of wrinkling her nose. (It was only later that I discovered it was the extent of her intellectual achievements.)

Eheu fugaces! It is all very nostalgic and, to use the idiom of the period, very "old making." I don't know about the rest of my generation, but I don't *feel* old. At least, I didn't until my recent fortieth birthday, when my elder daughter, on asking how old I was and being told "forty," replied in tones of sepulchral commiseration: "Oh, *poor* Daddy. You 'll soon be dead, won't you?"

BEING now of an age to be an uncle to debutantes and in a very few years to have a debutante daughter of my own, I have found myself recently at two or three of the modern versions of the "deb's dance." (How on earth did one do two or three a *night*, five nights a week, throughout the season?)

Except that the fairy lights which used to twinkle along the garden paths of Belgrave and Berkeley Square seem to have been extinguished by Hitler, Dalton, Cripps, Gaitskell, *et al*, they do not seem to differ greatly from the dances of my time. There are the same Gunters or Searcy or Mayfair Catering head waiters and barmen. (Each of the great firms maintains a *cadre* of some half-dozen trusted N.C.O.s, and recruits the other ranks as the emergency demands.) There are the same young men. (Did I really gangle to quite that extent ?) There are the same debs—the pretty ones (they seem fewer than in my day) ; the skinny ones, whose clothes seem to have been made out of the nursery curtains ; the plump ones with those two sloped shoulder curves of puppy fat, the one horizontal, the other vertical. Too many walk badly, using that embarrassed, hearty gait which I long ago christened the "guider's roll." Our Victorian ancestors, with their emphasis on deportment and carriage, certainly "had something." It seems to be the object of too many of our expensive (and how expensive !) British boarding-schools for young ladies, to send their charges out into the great world exhibiting an aggressive defence of an unthreatened virtue.

One thing I noticed particularly : the absence of chaperons. It was not merely the dowagers, those stouthearted old dears with whom I always took the supper dances (for they made the best meals of it, taking them seriously), who sat up patiently till 2.30 with only an occasional hitch to a wayward tiara, tending to slip over one eye ; it was the mothers. To-day, there seem to be no more than half-a-dozen in the house. Perhaps it 's the growth of the bottle parties (begging Mr. Chuter Ede's pardon—of the "restaurants" bearing exactly the same names which have a nightly extension till 2.30). Two o'clock and "No, my dear, you can't have an extra with Edgar," was all very well. Nowadays little Nancibelle must take her chance among the wolves of the 400, the Milroy or the Astor. Mama of 1951 will certainly not choose between boredom or a hangover.

One other thing. In my day—which lasted till a bare fifteen years ago—we not only wrote nice little bread-and-butter letters to our hostesses : we wore white kid gloves for dancing. Recently I found about a dozen in a drawer. It was a pleasant habit and one for which, if I were a young lady with a tendency to wear white, I should agitate. But I suppose this sounds as out of date as my father's assurance that, in common with all the young men of his time, he always took a bag containing one spare stiff shirt and six collars to any dance—though with a programme entirely made up of fast waltzes, polkas and other virile and athletic exercises it is not as incredible as it sounded to me.

HOWEVER, to return to those recurrent dance tunes. Perhaps it is that, like stories, they come up again once in a generation. For example, at the moment there is a story going the rounds, of a schoolchild in Hungary who told the school inspector that her cat had had kittens, six of whom were Communists and one a Democrat. Three weeks later she was asked how the kittens were getting on, to which she replied that six were Democrats and one a Communist. The enraged inspector said : "But three weeks ago six were Communist and only one Democratic ?" "Ah," replied the child, "but you see, their eyes were not open then."

This story was first told to me about the Nazis in Germany—with the differences, of course, that the kittens were "Sozi" and "National"—in the summer of 1933, a few months after they had come into power.

If Kipling was right and there are only seven original stories in the world, the majority of which cannot be told to women, then it is not surprising that in each generation the same story, hung on a new peg of a suitable person or a situation, crops up again. My friend Sir Charles Petrie, the historian, and I, have, indeed, long planned to write a book on the genealogy of stories.

The "gaga old man" stories told about Marshal Pétain during the war ("Don't, for heaven's sake, leave that sandwich-paper there. The Marshal will sign it"), were told about President Hindenburg in the last years of his life and can all be traced back to the Emperor Francis Joseph in his dotage. The "dry French wit" series has an apostolic descent : Clemenceau—Talleyrand—Henry IV.

The stage, like other professions, has its recurrent themes. Most of the anecdotes about Tree were told about Irving, and go further back to Garrick.

THE BAR is, of course, most prolific. A few years before the last war, the late Lord Hewart, then Lord Chief Justice, was dining with me (incidentally we were an utterly unimportant young married couple, but the L.C.J. never failed to reply to any invitation, however trivial, with a letter in his own hand by return of post—usually with some delightfully apposite quotation from Horace). Greatly daring, I told him that I wished to test my theory about the genealogy of stories and said that I had been assured that the following anecdote had happened to him, Lord Hewart, a fortnight before.

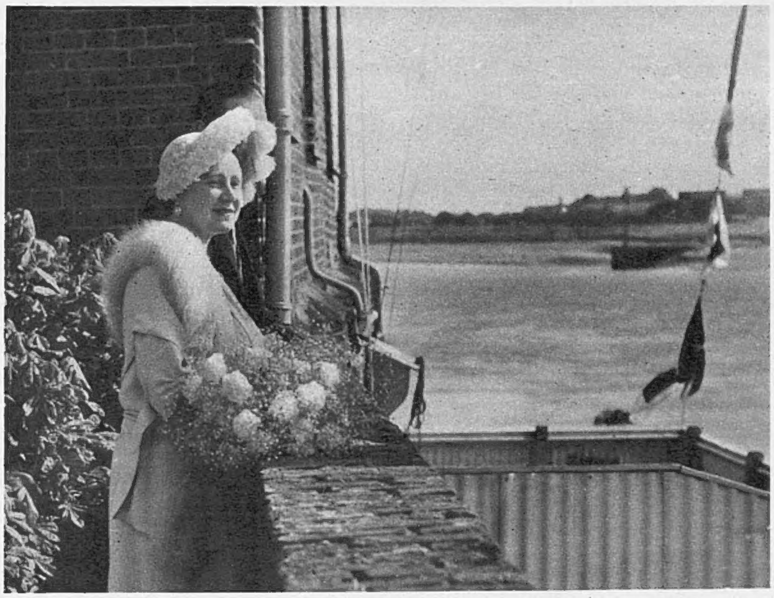
The Lord Chief Justice (so the story ran), with two old cronies, had been unable to find a four for bridge in his club, so they had constrained a young Guards officer to join them. The boy, partnering Lord Hewart, played extremely badly and finally trumped his partner's ace, receiving a tremendous judicial rebuke. The young officer lost his temper, banged the table and said : "Damme, Sir, damme ; you are not in your blankety little police court now." Hewart was highly amused, and said : "When I was first called to the Bar, I was told that story as just having happened to the then L.C.J.—Russell of Liverpool."

I came across perhaps the most remarkable example of time-lag in stories in the war. In 1943, in Cairo, I read in the *Egyptian Gazette* an item picked up from the *Dallas County Observer*. Two Irishmen (it said) quarrelled and were going to fight a duel with pistols. One was a tall, very fat man, the other a short, skinny individual. The seconds of the large man pointed out that it was unfair, as their man was so much the larger target. After much argument, agreement was reached. The outline of the smaller man was chalked on the larger—"hits outside that area not to count !"

In 1798, during the Napoleonic Wars, William Pitt the Younger was so infuriated by the near-Quisling attitude of Tierney, the Whig leader, that they fought a duel on a Saturday afternoon on Putney Heath, before a crowd of 2000 people, with the Speaker in his coach as a witness. Tierney was a huge man, Billy Pitt a little wisp of a man, and the wits of White's or Brooks' produced the joke, which had taken 145 years to reach Cairo *via* the United States in the middle of another great war.

RECENTLY, Sir Percy Sillitoe, the head of M.I.5, was criticised for the ostentatious hush-hush which surrounds his comings and goings. Before and during the war, the names of the heads of M.I.5 were known to only a few individuals at No. 10, Downing Street, the Foreign Office and the War Office. During the war, when M.I.5 was diluted by temporary officers, some of these were a little absurd in their hush-hush attitude, particularly over their St. James's Street headquarters. This location was a "secret" only known to half London, to "Lord Haw-Haw" (who broadcast about it), and to the taxi-driver who, on being told "Boodles" said : "Excuse me, Sir, is that the club opposite or next door to M.I.5 ?" Perhaps the last word was said by Mr. Stephen Leacock many years ago, before World War I., when he wrote : "General Poulispantzoff walked down the main street of the little Dorf in the gorgeous uniform of the Chief of Secret Police."

E. D. O'Brien



From a balcony of the Guildhall, the Queen looks out over the river Ouse, where for many centuries the wines of Bordeaux have arrived in this country.

Norfolk

THE QUEEN AT KING'S LYNN

The beautiful old Guildhall of St. George at King's Lynn, Norfolk, was formally opened on July 24 by the Queen, after its restoration and re-equipment as a centre of culture. This was King's Lynn's chief contribution to the Festival of Britain. Her Majesty drove to the ceremony from Sandringham, and at the Guildhall, having been met at the borough boundary by the Mayor, Cmdr. F. Humphrey, and other civic officials, she was received by Sir Edmund Bacon, Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, Lord Leicester, who presided at the ceremony, Sir Raymond Evershed, Master of the Rolls, and Lady Fermoy, chairman of the Lynn Festival.

The St. George's Trust, under the chairmanship of Sir Raymond Evershed, has collected £23,500 for the restoration. Subscriptions have been received from the Arts Council, the Pilgrims' Trust of America, and from many private donors, of whom the Queen and Queen Mary have been among the most generous. But more money for equipment is still needed.

In her speech the Queen said : "There still remain in this lovely land of ours, towns and villages that retain their character as sturdily to-day as when our forefathers built them. . . . Of no place is this more true than of King's Lynn, which has mirrored English history since 1204."

The French Ambassador, M. Massigli, and the Mayor of Bordeaux attended the ceremony, after which Her Majesty received many of those connected with the restoration, including representatives of the workmen engaged on the building operations.

Her Majesty, wearing a lilac-pink frock and hat with a light fox stole, inspects a naval Guard of Honour—provided by H.M.S. *Truelove*—on her arrival at the Guildhall prior to the ceremony. There was also a military guard.

Walking with the Queen through the gardens are (l. to r.) Sir Raymond Evershed, Master of the Rolls, the Earl of Leicester, president of the St. George's Trust, and (behind) Lady Fermoy, chairman of the King's Lynn Festival Committee.

The Queen, accompanied by the Mayor of King's Lynn, Cmdr. F. Basil Humphrey, leaves the restored Hall, which in 500 years has led a varied existence as mediæval guild-headquarters, court house, theatre, armoury, and corn and wool exchange.

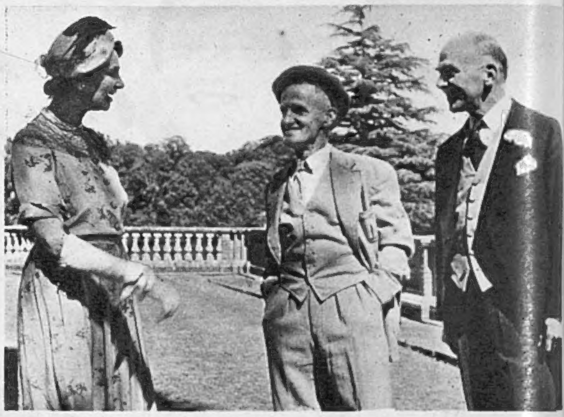
The occasion ended when Her Majesty left St. Margaret's Church after a recital by the King's College Chapel Choir, Cambridge. On the Queen's right : the Vicar, Canon R. L. Whytehead ; behind : Sir Edmund Bacon, Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, and the Mayor.

Norfolk

THE KING AND QUEEN AT SANDRINGHAM

The King, now happily convalescent, and the Queen entertained a party of blind people from Felixstowe, Suffolk. With them here, in the grounds of Sandringham House, is Mr. Hildebrand, Chairman of the National Federation of the Blind. Then, on July 25, Their Majesties, for the first time since their coronation, visited the Sandringham Estate Cottage Horticultural Show. Later they drove over to watch a cricket match between the Estate and West Norfolk.

Brigadier W. G. Carr (father of the bride), Countess Ferrers (mother of the groom), Donna Nennella Carr and Duke Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti, the Italian Ambassador.



On the terrace Miss Turner renews acquaintance with tractor-driver H. Smith, one of the guests from the estate. With them is Captain Turner.

Four smartly-turned-out gentlemen : Messrs. Christopher Sellick, Henry Leader, Jim Millar and Michael Thornton, the groom's best man.

Lady Somerleyton with Madame de Torrenté and His Excellency Monsieur Henry de Torrenté, the Swiss Minister in London.

The Viscount Tamworth married Miss Annabel Carr

THE bells of St. Edmund's, a tiny church in the village of Bungay, were ringing out over Suffolk on Saturday, July 21, for the marriage of the Viscount Tamworth, only son of Earl and Countess Ferrers, to Miss Annabel Carr, only daughter of Brigadier W. G. Carr, D.S.O., and younger daughter of Donna Nennella Carr.

Handsome young ushers fitted a great many V.I.P. guests into a small number of tiny pews. At the altar were tall white candles. Great banks of white lupins and lilies shone softly in the mellow light from stained-glass windows. The organist, Dr. Sidney Watson, formerly of Winchester (where the bridegroom was educated) and now of Eton College, played Handel and Bach until presently came the bridal procession. The bride, a charming nineteen-year-old with smiling eyes and curling brown hair, moved up the aisle on her father's arm. Her wedding dress was of champagne satin, the veil of Brussels lace. She carried lilies and pale-yellow roses.

Stepping confidently behind, expressions in keeping with the solemn occasion, came two well-rehearsed pages, the Earl of Ancrum and David Robson, in charge of Lady Mary and Lady Cecil Kerr. The bridesmaids wore crisp white organdie dresses over buttercup-yellow petticoats ; their escorts, trousers of the same buttercup colour buttoned to gentlemanly white silk shirts.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Monsignor Valentine Elwes, assisted by the Very Rev. Stanislas Chatterton, O.S.B.

A reception was held several miles away in the lovely red brick Georgian house with its green shutters, Ditchingham Hall, the home of the bride. On a wide stretch of lawn, a vast marquee of scarlet and white stripes housed the catering arrangements. Here the cake was cut and champagne dispensed. Guests wandered among the flower-beds ; children played hide-and-seek between grown-ups ; dogs of the house joined in the fun. "So many pretty hats and smiles. . . ." said an elderly gentleman.

With traditional white ribbons on the bonnet, the car carried away Annabel and her young husband—who must return later to continue his studies at Cambridge—to a honeymoon in Italy.

By "The Sketch" Special Photographer Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

In front of the fine Georgian mansion, Ditchingham Hall, where the reception was held, Lady Lothian (centre), the bride's half-sister, talks to Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Thornton.

In the tent, Lady Cecil Kerr, David Robson and Lady Mary Kerr are interrupted having tea. Behind them is the Very Rev. Mgr. Elwes, who officiated at the wedding ceremony.

After their strawberries with ice-cream, Lady Albemarle took the children on the lawn. Lady Cecil Kerr (her godchild), Lady Mary Kerr and the freckled six-year-old Earl of Ancrum, the little nieces and nephew of the bride, all hold hands to give this charming picture.

Guests at the Tamworth—Carr Wedding

On the terrace: (L. to r.) H.E. Dr. J. J. Moniz de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador, with Lady Joan Fletcher (aunt of the bridegroom), Lady Gurney, Sir Hugh Gurney and Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao.

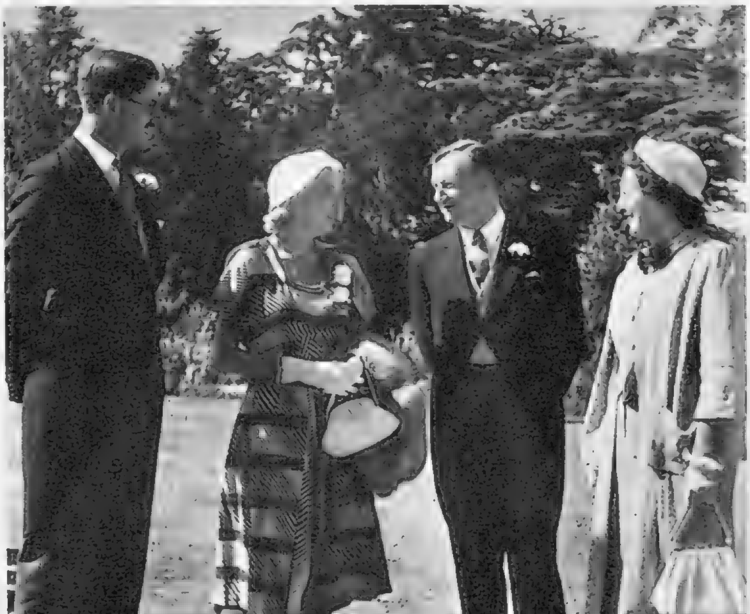
Outside the marquee: (L. to r.) Mr. John Tooley, Miss Gillian Morris and Mrs. John Tooley in brilliant sunshine that helped to make the day a success.

Lady Salter and Winifred, Duchess of Portland.

Mrs. Colin Newman with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Sutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert and Lady Anne-Louise Keppel (centre).

Lady Shirley (sister of the groom) with Mr. Hussey (cousin of the groom) and Mrs. Dorothy Scott.



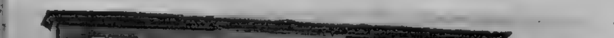
Mr. and Mrs. L. Talbot with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bird on the lawn.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

The Princess Elizabeth Cup

On the second day of the International Horse Show at the White City, which ended on July 28, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were present to watch one of the major events of the session: the ladies' jumping for the Princess Elizabeth Cup. This was won over a difficult course by Miss Iris Kellett, of Dublin, riding *Rusty*—a combination which had previously won the Cup in 1949. Later, her Royal Highness presented the Cup to Miss Kellett.

Mr. L. K. Archer's cutter Riva (sail No. 21) follows Phizz (extreme left) and Dancing Ledge towards Old Harry Rocks, a Dorset promontory. It was a race for cruising yachts over 7 tons but under 18 tons.



All set for a day's sailing are Mr. Midgley, with Major A. C. Mackay (R.M.Y.C. secretary) behind, Mr. L. Cox, Mr. Richard Longland and Miss Jackson.

Preparing to hoist sail on the Phizz are Miss Jackson, sister of the owner, Mr. L. Cox, Mr. Richard Longland, Mr. F. Parker, designer of Phizz, and Mr. Midgley.

THE GALLANT SLOOP "PHIZZ"

Poole and Bournemouth Yachting Week, which finished on July 14, played a double rôle this year. As well as a social and sporting event it became a magnet for Festival visitors, and when rain held off, rose to the occasion and offered exciting sport on all six days.

Honours of the Regatta Week were won by the 10-ton sloop *Phizz*, owned by F. P. L. Jackson, which won in its class on each of its five days of racing.

Photographed by S. W. Batting.

Social Diary

JULY 11.

WEDDING.

Married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square: Mr. Neil Campbell, youngest son of Major the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Campbell of Bowzell Place, Sevenoaks, to Miss Angela Cross, eldest daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Cross of Rutland Gate. Conservative M.P. for Ormskirk, Sir Ronald was formerly High Commissioner of Australia.

CHRISTENING.

The Bishop of Lichfield officiated at the christening, in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Sarah Rose, infant daughter of Lieut.-Col. T. F. Winnington and Lady Betty Winnington.

WEDDING.

CHRISTENING.

JULY 11.

LORDS v. COMMONS.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke (right) played against Mrs. George Ritchie, in the annual match of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association between representatives of the two Houses, at Walton Heath Golf Club. Lady Carisbrooke captained the winning Lords team.

PROFESSIONALS v. AMATEURS.

Betty Bush and Patty Berg, two members of the U.S. professional team visiting England, made sure their golf bags were clearly marked. Here they are seen setting off for a practice round at Sunningdale, prior to their first match (July 13) against a team of amateurs raised by Mrs. A. C. Critchley.

LORDS v. COMMONS.

PROFESSIONALS v. AMATEURS.

JULY 11.

HOSPITAL FÊTE.

Queen Mary gave an encouraging smile to the top-hatted patient as she handed him the prize for the Wheeled Chair Parade during the Garden Fête and Sports Day at the Queen Mary Hospital, Roehampton.

JULY 12.

SHOW "VETERAN."

Three-year-old Pauline Ruth Bulman of Woking already possesses five Firsts and won a Silver Cup at Redhill. The best she could do to-day was a Fourth in the Children's Ponies on Leading Rein class—with Jimmy—at the Aldershot Show, Rushmoor Arena.

HOSPITAL FÊTE.

SHOW "VETERAN."

Social

JULY 13.

YACHTING HONEYMOON.

We received this picture of Mr. and Mrs. George Laughton honeymooning on their yacht Manuia at Poole. Mrs. Laughton, formerly Mrs. John Harries, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Humphreys of Llwyn Hall, Llwynhendy, Llanelly.

JULY 13.

ETON v. HARROW—1st DAY.

King Feisal of Iraq was among the spectators at Lord's who followed the fortunes of the match with anxious interest. His Majesty, who is sixteen, is at Harrow.

JULY 14.

JAZZ CONCERT.

Princess Elizabeth stopped for a short chat with the Marchioness of Donegal on her arrival at the Festival Hall to attend the first concert of the National Federation of Jazz Organisations.

JULY 14.

ETON v. HARROW—2nd DAY

One of the most exciting matches for years ended in a draw, largely thanks to the magnificent stand of W. J. Nokes of Harrow, who rescued his team from an apparently hopeless position. Here Eton's P. L. B. Stoddart has just been bowled by M. Kok for 8.

JULY 14.

EASTBOURNE TENNIS.

The Australian team carried all before them at the International Lawn Tennis Club's Week at Devonshire Park, by winning fifteen matches. (L. to r.) Mervyn Rose, Ken McGregor, Frank Sedgman (captain) and Lord Iliffe, who presented the team with the Silver Mill Trophy.

JULY 16.

EVENING OUT.

The Marquis of Blandford and his fiancée, Miss Susan Hornby, made a happy picture when they attended the première of Calling Bulldog Drummond at the Empire Theatre.

YACHTING HONEYMOON.

ETON v. HARROW—1st DAY.

JAZZ CONCERT.

ETON v. HARROW—2nd DAY.

EASTBOURNE TENNIS.

EVENING OUT.

Diary

JULY 17.

SWEDISH BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

Wearing white lace and lilac, Miss Ann-Marie Wallenberg, daughter of Mr. Marc Wallenberg of Stockholm and of Lady Hambro of Dixton Manor, Cheltenham, was married to Mr. Michael Bonsor, son of the late Mr. R. Bonsor, and of Mrs. Bonsor, of Cornwall Gardens, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

JULY 17.

TATTERSALLS.

Lord and Lady Rosebery (left) in a more earnest mood than companions, Lord and Lady Allendale, at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales.

SWEDISH BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

TATTERSALLS.

JULY 17.

PREMIER AS HOST.

With the garden-party season in full swing, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee entertained members of both Houses of Parliament at No. 10, Downing Street. Busy hostess though she was, Mrs. Attlee found time for serious conversation with Mr. Herbert Morrison.

JULY 18.

ROYAL FOXHOUND SHOW.

Lady Feversham, who is joint M.F.H. of the Sinnington, was chatting to the Duke of Beaufort, who judged the bitch hounds at the Peterborough Royal Foxhound Annual Show, held under the presidency of Lord Irwin.

PREMIER AS HOST.

ROYAL FOXHOUND SHOW.

JULY 18.

BROMPTON WEDDING.

As they left Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Curtis-Bennett were greeted by two French poodles. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett and of Lady Curtis-Bennett. The bride, formerly Miss Philippa d'Arcy, is the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Norman and Lady Margaret d'Arcy. Her pearl and diamond necklace was an heirloom worn by her mother and grandmother at their weddings.

JULY 19.

HERO WORSHIP.

The cricket first eleven of Leys School were present when the Governors gave a dinner at the Savoy in honour of a distinguished Old Boy, England's Test Captain, Freddie Brown (left).

BROMPTON WEDDING.

HERO WORSHIP.

Social

Home

PARLIAMENTARY CHRISTENING.

ROYAL WELCOME.

JULY 19.

PARLIAMENTARY CHRISTENING.

The baby daughter of Mr. Ian Winterbottom, Labour M.P. for Nottingham Central, was christened Caroline Margaret Alison, in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. Mr. and Mrs. Winterbottom are here seen with the infant and two sons.

JULY 21.

ROYAL WELCOME.

Prince Charles was the first to greet his father when the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at London Airport, on his return from Malta.

LOSER.

WINNER.

JULY 21.

LOSER.

Mr. Winston Churchill, seen here arriving at Ascot, only stayed long enough to see his horse Colonist II. run fourth in the Festival of Britain Stakes and then went on to speak at the Royal Wanstead School open-air fête.

WINNER.

Mrs. T. Lilley, winner of the £25,000 prize, had time to give a leisurely pat to her horse Supreme Court, which ran a great race, beating Zucchero by three-quarters of a length.

AT PINNER SHOWGROUND.

JULY 22.

AT PINNER SHOWGROUND.

Mrs. L. Johnstone, on Conquistador, was the winner of the first event of the International Horse Show, the Prix St. George's dressage test, with 434 marks. Watching the event, undeterred by torrential rain, were Prince Bernhard with his daughters, Princesses Beatrix and Irene of Holland, who were in this country on a private visit.

Diary

Abroad

JULY 8.

CONVALESCENT.

In Teheran Queen Sorraya headed a party which escorted the Shah of Persia back to his palace when he left hospital after his recent operation. We wish him a speedy return to complete fitness.

JULY 11.

PARIS WEDDING.

At the Church of Sainte Clotilde, Princess Salome Murat, daughter of Prince and Princess Murat (née Chasseloup Laubat), married M. Challandon-Albin, one of the high officials of the Ministry of Finance.

CONVALESCENT.

PARIS WEDDING.

JULY 11.

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

In Paris Queen Elizabeth of Greece held a Press conference to launch her Crusade of Happiness. Supporting her are (l. to r.) composer Mr. Ted Grouma, author M. Leon Negruzzi and Miss Mary Mead, who will compose a special song.

JULY 20.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

Before leaving, the Duke of Edinburgh captained a Navy team to a 4—1 victory (scoring one of the goals himself) in a farewell polo match against the Army. With him are (left) Capt. Peter Dawnay, R.N., Mrs. G. W. E. Heath and Vice-Admiral P. B. R. W. William-Powlett, Flag Officer (Destroyers) Mediterranean.

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

JULY 20.

THE WINDSORS IN ITALY.

The Duchess of Windsor lent a helping hand during disembarkation after a motor launch trip at Portofino, where the Duke and Duchess have been vacationing.

JULY 21.

OIL CONVERSATIONS.

Dr. F. Grady (right), American Ambassador to Persia, gave a dinner party at his residence in Teheran in honour of Mr. Averell Harriman (left), President Truman's Special Envoy in the oil dispute. They are in serious conclave with the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Shepherd.

THE WINDSORS IN ITALY.

OIL CONVERSATIONS.

The croquet courts at Roehampton during play in the recent Open Championships. This gentle scene gives no indication of the nervous tension which croquet can inspire.

SO THIS IS CROQUET . . . by H. G. STOKER

Captain H. G. Stoker, D.S.O., R.N. (Retd.), commander of the first submarine to dive through the Dardanelles, actor and author, has been an exponent of many outdoor sports. Recently he added croquet to his repertoire, and now gives us his early impressions of the game. The accompanying pictures were taken at the recent Open Championships at Roehampton.

CROQUET? Good Lord! All right, you can scoff. You may have a mental picture of Victorian ladies in crinolines and their bewhiskered partners on vicarage lawns, demurely but firmly depositing their rivals' balls in the rhododendrons. But croquet has been scoffed at before—so don't think you 're being modern. In fact, the humour of seventy years ago abounded in croquet jokes. Nevertheless the game has gone steadily on and, in this year of centenaries, it too can celebrate the fact that it is a hundred years ago since it was re-introduced to this country from Ireland.

I say "re-introduced" because, of course, it has existed in various cruder forms in this and other countries since antiquity. As pall-mall it was Charles II.'s favourite game; and London's famous thoroughfare derives its name from it. Eventually, as is usually the way, this popularity waned, and little was heard of croquet until its return in the middle of the nineteenth century. Then it swept the country and even spread to India and the other colonies. In those heydays, Captain Mayne Reid, one of the great names associated with the game, declared that it was "the national pastime" and that it should be "cherished as the staff of life." Once again the game lost popular appeal and the scoffers reigned supreme. But it never died out. Are we due for yet another zenith in the croquet cycle?

I hope so, for everyone who has ever played seriously finds it a fascinating game. It has many advantages. It is easily learnt and one can achieve sufficient proficiency to put up a good show against an experienced player in a surprisingly short time. And you certainly don't need the strenuous devotion, to the exclusion of everything else, that some other games demand, if you aim at championship standard and which often makes a mockery of the amateur status. Croquet has challenge cups and trophies galore.

Another advantage of croquet is that you don't need a huge lawn; the hoops and pegs are easily removable and don't involve permanent disfigurement like a tennis court. A game in progress with the players wearing white (as they should), the green lawn, the coloured balls and the mallets shining in the sun, makes a pleasing picture. But though apparently gentle and effortless, it needs just as much ruthless match generalship, keenness of eye and precision of stroke as the sports in which only the super-fit athlete can reach top form.

However, don't run away with the idea that croquet is for old dodderers alone. One of our crack players is J. W. Soloman, who only last year left his public school, where he won his colours for hockey, cricket and football. He has since become Croquet Champion of New Zealand and reigning Champion G. L. Reckitt may soon find him serious competition.

At any rate, why don't you give croquet a try? It 's not expensive and it 's great fun. And you 've no idea of the not unmalicious pleasure you get from croqueting your opponent's ball to the far corner of the ground—sending it "off to Hong Kong" in fact.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. W. Neale.

W. Longman, runner-up, with his wife, in the Doubles Championship, works out the Grand Strategy.

In croquet, rhythm is essential to a good game. Miss D. Lintern, holder of the Women's Championship, follows through.

Young J. W. Soloman, champion of New Zealand, "pegs out." He has an unusual grip; always wears white.

G. L. and M. B. Reckitt work out their "thrusting partnership." In 1950 they won the Doubles, but were beaten in the semi-finals this year.

Another victim of the semi-finals was H. O. Hicks, previously holder of the Open Championship since 1947.

Mrs. R. C. J. Beaton, one of the only two ladies who have ever won the Open, watches her opponent make a "break."

E. P. C. Cotter, last year's winner of the Roehampton Cup, is well known for his tactics and style.

G. L. Reckitt, this year's Open Champion, seen making a "croquet" during play.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by Rupert Croft-Cooke

COLONEL JULIAN AND OTHER STORIES. By H. E. Bates. (*Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

A LAST SHEAF. By Denton Welch. (*Lehmann ; 12s. 6d.*)

BESS. By Ann Stafford. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE LONG DIVORCE. By Edmund Crispin. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

IT is delightful to be able to welcome Mr. H. E. Bates back to the English countryside and back to the short story. His three novels of the East surprised and delighted many readers who, before the war, could scarcely have imagined this author using any setting but the one he had made familiar, the quietly eventful life of the English village and small town. He showed in *The Purple Plain* and the rest of them that he could paint an exotic background as well as the green and pleasant hills of home, but the men and women he depicted then lost something of reality, as though faintly distorted by the Eastern sunlight. Now he is again with his unforgettable Uncle Silas, who figures in two extravagant little comedies in this book with the small farms, the decaying country houses, the Southern English coast, the little shops. It seems to me that his work as a short-story writer has gained something from his excursions. He has always written beautifully, with a severe economy and clarity which he owes, I think, to the age of Fielding and Defoe rather than to the more exuberant prose of the Victorians or the disorderly tangle of to-day. He has always felt deeply for his natural and familiar characters and communicated that feeling to the reader. But now there is a more confident and decisive turn to his work and he is less apt to leave things suspended in mid-air. There are two stories of India here, one of them a mere character sketch, and there is one haunting little tragi-comedy set in a Swiss resort. The title story shows a very old man, a retired soldier, with the young Air Force types billeted in his house and has a twist in it of "the man recovered of the bite, the dog it was that died." "The Little Farm" is a vintage piece, and "The Lighthouse" a rather grimly ironic love-story. There are no failures in the book, no near-misses, even. It is as good as anything this author has written.

A COLLECTION of stories, fragments, poems and drawings by the late Denton Welch was a necessity. This young author died at the age of thirty-one in 1948, after years of acute physical suffering caused by an accident in 1935. He published two novels in his lifetime and a volume of short stories almost on the day of his death. Since then, his unfinished novel *A Voice Through a Cloud* has been issued, and now this collection, *A Last Sheaf*. Some of the fragments in it are no more than tear-outs from a diary, such as the little word-picture of Sickert at home; but others, though no less personal or autobiographical, achieve an independent existence as short stories or essays, like "The Earth's Crust" and "A Fragment of a Life Story." Everything Mr. Welch wrote is touched by his flair for saying small things memorably, his acute power of precise description, his cool appraisal of motive. But there is also in his work, as in his drawings, an insistence on the twisted and bizarre in men and motives. He is probably the least chummy writer of this century, and makes a reader feel that he is being kept in his place, but Mr. Welch could buttonhole one quickly enough when he had something grotesque or creepy to expound. "I came to a black pool almost surrounded by tangled thickets. I knelt down and dipped my hand in the still water. My fingers were magnified into fat, curling grubs." "I saw the woodman's ruined shelter of branches tied together, and his pile of bark peelings turned now into a mass of dead mottled snakes. Everything at that moment held a secret. Everything was haunted." There was nothing noisy or overwhelming about Denton Welch's talents. They were, if you like, minor ones. But his scenes and people are so real, so certainly alive, that his small collection of published work may well live longer than the robust achievements of heavier-handed authors who are already classed as classics.

MISS ANN STAFFORD in her novel *Bess* has not only gone back to Victorian times but, in some way which is hard to analyse, to Victorian literature. It is not that the book is written with the rolling verbiage, the interminable sentences, the spacious ornamentation of George Eliot; it is, in fact, done in a plain, though not very modern style and its details come from a knowledge of the period by no means entirely gained from the reading of nineteenth-century novels. It is the idea which belongs to the literature of that time, the plot and the fact that there is a plot. Moreover, there is something Dickensian in Miss Stafford's harsh contrasting of the slum life of dark and brutal poverty with the comfortable plenty of a middle-class home. Bess is an orphan whose foster-mother is befriended by a philanthropic doctor's wife and grows up to be loved by the latter's only son. Her life is a fierce struggle with her own circumstances and the ignorance and servility of her kind. Miss Stafford takes her heroine through early Socialist battles, and introduces into the story actual people, like Mrs. Annie Besant, as well as making references to Cunningham Grahame and William Morris. It is in her devotion to a cause that Bess is least credible, though the street scenes and the agitation among the match girls are excellently done. This is an unusual and a competent novel which deserves attention.

I MUST confess to disappointment in Mr. Edmund Crispin's new detective novel, *The Long Divorce*. (The title, by the way, is misleading to a reader who does not know the line in *Henry VIII.* from which it is quoted—"the long divorce of steel.") Mr. Crispin is as worldly-wise as ever, as full of quaint odds and ends of knowledge, as lightly didactic and as fond of pretty irrelevances. But, whereas in previous books he has used these as pleasant variations on a strong theme, in this they are often in danger of overpowering what there is of incident and mystery. His detective, Gervase Fen, comes under a false name to a village which has been visited in countless crime novels during the past fifty years, but has never existed in any world but theirs. There is an anonymous letter-writing scourge over the place, and this leads to a suicide and a murder, but these do not take place soon enough, for the reader has been made impatient and a little bored before there is a corpse to entertain him. At his best, Mr. Crispin can be witty, but often, too often, he is no more than waggish. His description of a sermon preached to a meeting of The Children of Abraham may well be taken as an illustration of that: "A diarrhœa of 'thous' and 'thees,' a twangling of seraphic harps, a laundryful of white robes, a Cumberland of lost sheep, an assault-course of pitfalls, a capricorn of goats, an ocean of tempestuous Galilean lakes, a Wall Street of money-changers, a pirate horde of unfruitful talents, an orchard of barren fig-trees, an Ecclesiastical Commission of Pharisees and Sadducees, a mass migration of flights into Egypt, a warren of snares, a Ritz bar of gins and limes and adulteresses—the manner of his homiletic was nothing novel." If you find that funny, Mr. Crispin is your author. But if you find it, as I do, a mite facetious and forced, this, at least, is not your book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PAPER PALACE.
By Robert Harling. (*Chatto and Windus ; 10s. 6d.*)

Novel of Fleet Street with less nonsense in it than most but still with a good deal of over-energetic writing. "Against the dark-red velvet curtains and under the blazing halo of the crystal chandelier, the men all looked like cut-out shapes in black-and-white card and the women like painted plastic dolls."

WILLIAM COWPER.
By Norman Nicholson. (*Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)

A first-rate piece of criticism. It is good to find that Cowper still attracts the understanding biographer.

CARNIVAL.
By Compton Mackenzie. (*Macdonald ; 10s. 6d.*)

The date of first publication, 1912, is not mentioned in this reissue.

THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL MARCHBANKS.
By Robertson Davies. (*Chatto and Windus ; 10s. 6d.*)

A Canadian humorist writing good, downright, opinionated philosophy.

GHOSTS AND GREASEPAINT.
By W. Macqueen-Pope. (*Hale ; 21s.*)

Another of this author's fruity digressions among the late Victorians and Edwardians.

VICTORIAN JEWELLERY.
By Margaret Flower. (*Cassell ; 42s.*)

I rejoice to see a volume as lavish as this devoted to a subject as luxurious and unutilitarian.

WINDSOR CASTLE.
By Sir Owen Morshead. (*Phaidon ; 30s.*)

A magnificently produced quarto illustrated with splendid photographs by Mr. Harold White, whose name appears only in a small note.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

JOE SIMMS : For walking off with a Windmill girl—across the Thames.

AT fifty-four years of age Joe Simms, Southampton dock worker and hydro-ambulationist, hits the limelight. Starting from Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, and watched by an astonished crowd, he "walked" across the river carrying Miss Margaret Cooper of the Windmill Theatre in his arms. He kept as upright as the little Union Jack on his boater, achieving his crossing by moving his legs with a slow cycle action.

NAT KARSON : For his outstanding success in the film-plus-stage shows at the Empire Theatre.

ON August 4 the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, celebrates its 2000th performance of the stage shows which started M.G.M.'s film-plus-stage policy on Boxing Day 1949. Since then, talented Swiss-born Nat Karson, producer of the shows, has put on twenty-four productions as well as the stage part of the Royal Film Command Performance in October 1950. He is an accomplished artist, scene and dress designer, musician and stage lighting expert, and is backed by a magnificent team, who have been with him since the start : Musical Director, George Melachrino ; Empire Girls' dance choreographer, Edward Noll ; ballet choreographer, Alan Carter ; Production Manager, Albert Stevenson.

ELIE AGHNIDES of New York, the inventor of the Sun Valley Roller : For giving us an alternative to skis for our winter sports.

IN the snow of Idaho a new contraption is on trial. If you can't or won't ski, you can still have fun on the Sun Valley Roller and without the risk of broken bones. Weighing 400 lb., the vehicle consists of two 5-ft. semi-spherical aluminium wheels. Occupying a seat stabilised by a skid-pan in front, the rider steers the mechanical snowball by individual wheel brakes operated from the handlebars. The inventor claims a counterpart suitable for military use in winter warfare.

LEW WELLING : For his winning set of whiskers in the Canterbury Festival Beard Competition.

ON January 1 this year, thirty clean-shaven volunteers gave up the morning shave to see who could grow the biggest beard in six months. On July 14, seven lady judges, three of whom were actresses, set about finding the winner at the Marlowe Theatre. For his exertions 33-year-old lorry driver, Mr. Lew Welling of 3, Tedder Avenue, Canterbury, was awarded first prize of a handsome gold watch.

Charity Ball at Warwick Castle

THE Earl of Warwick threw open his Castle on the night of July 20 for a mammoth four-guineas-a-head ball given in aid of the Warwickshire Association of Boys' Clubs. Something like fifteen hundred guests attended. They danced in the huge marquee which had been erected in the great courtyard, and which was banked with hothouse plants and pink hydrangeas. They took supper in the marble-floored Great Hall ; they drank at two long bars ; they toured the State apartments and wandered through the formal Italian gardens, with their topiary hedges and fabulous rose-beds. Here the showpiece is the enormous Warwick Vase, more than 2,000 years old, which came from Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli and is smothered with Greek sculpture. The more energetic climbed to the Castle's battlements and had an unique view of the brilliant party. Others, more sedate, got their thrill from the priceless collection of Brussels tapestries and pictures by Old Masters such as Van Dyck, Rubens, Holbein and Canaletto. Whichever form their enjoyment took, everyone had a wonderful time and it was not until four in the morning that the last guests took their leave.

(Above.) Miss Anne Stonor and Mr. John Wardley, modern in dress, with champagne, steel chairs, World War II medals and the ancient tower as background, typified the ball's startling contrast between old and new.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by George Konig.

(Right.) Before the ball the Earl entertained a private party to dinner. They included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and (immediately behind) the American Ambassador Mr. Walter Gifford and Mrs. Gifford.

The party would not have been complete without a raffle. With the guests assembled in the marquee, the Duchess of Gloucester performed the draw, Lord Willoughby de Broke announced the results over the microphone, while the Earl of Warwick and Major Dolan saw fair play. The last-named was the Organising Secretary of the ball.

(Above.) Mrs. Broderick went in to supper with her husband, Brigadier R. A. Broderick, Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire.

(Right.) Some guests took supper under the magnificent Van Dyck portrait of Charles II.

(Below, left.) The Gay and the Gothic. Strolling through one of the Castle gateways were (l. to r.) Miss Mary Seccombe, Mr. John Blackstad, Miss Madeleine Courtney-Smith, and Mr. John Clarry.

(Below, right.) In the marquee the dance band played several Scottish tunes. Here the ladies' dresses are a-swirl during the *Gay Gordon*.

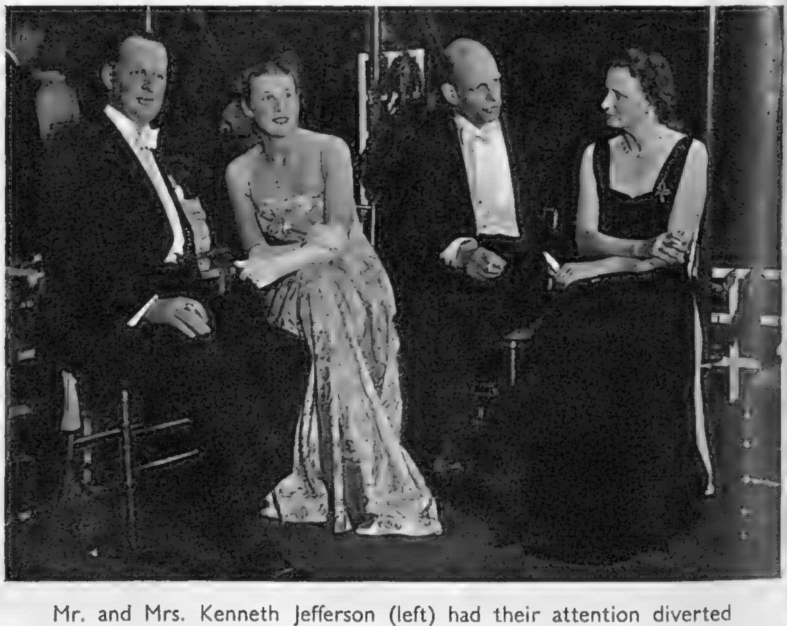
(Continued overleaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Davis (left) were at table in the Great Hall with Miss Valerie Byrne Davis and Mr. Robert Lillie.

A wooden crate served as an occasional table for (l. to r.) Mr. and Mrs T. C. Haycock, the Hon. Basil Feilding and his wife, the Earl of Denbigh and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Feilding.

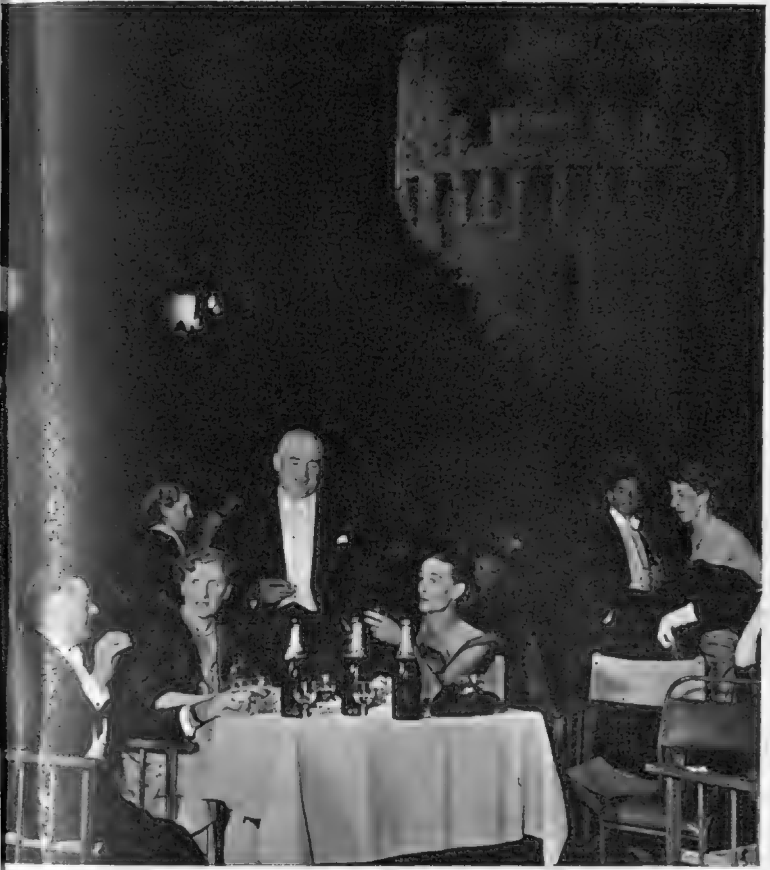
(L. to r.) Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. C. Turner, Capt. Lunt and Miss Wendy Lobb supped with a background of mediæval armour. The raffle-ticket notice struck an odd note.

Pausing for a drink, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dronsfield found the dancers in the marquee an entertaining sight. Dancing continued until 3 a.m.



Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Jefferson (left) had their attention diverted from the serious conversation of Miss Susan Arkwright and Mr. Harry Hollick.

In the flashlight, the Castle walls looked like a stage-set behind (l. to r.) Mr. David Tanner, Miss Dorinda Stevens, Miss Lucy Dreaper and Mr Desmond Sinnott.



Among those who preferred their drinks in the open air were Mr. and Mrs. John Prole (left) and Mr. and Mrs. David Jones. The fine night allowed many to have supper in the courtyard.

Brigadier Ralph Matthews and Mrs. E. D. Miller (right) were two members of the Organising Committee. With them in this glamorous setting was Mrs. William Anson.

Col. Charles Caple, U.S.A.F., and his wife (left) seemed glad of a rest as they sat out with Miss Joan Greville Williams and Col. Stewart Carter.

Still the old and the young. An ancient cannon near a doorway attracts the attention of Miss Elizabeth Ogilvy Rawlins and Mr. David Margetts.

West End Favourites

KISS ME, KATE
(Coliseum).

Do not think this is a musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The idea is that a divorced actor and actress, still in love, are playing Petruchio and Katharina in a mediocre revival of Shakespeare's farce. Before they come together again, there is a good deal of hither-and-thither, to-and-fro, off-stage and on ; and the *Shrew* gets oddly confused with the modern plot (by Bella and Sam Spewack). The music is by Cole Porter ; by now — in their fashion — most people can hum "Always True to You (In My Fashion)," sung by Julie Wilson. Patricia Morison and Bill Johnson are the players of Kate and Petruchio.

WHO IS SYLVIA ?
(Criterion).

The current Terence Rattigan comedy (produced last October) is a three-period piece in which Mark—Lord St. Neots, later the Earl of Binfield—recognises his ideal "Sylvia" in three different girls : during the tango-time of 1917, the Madly Gay period of Waugh's vile bodies, and the present. Robert Flemyng, Roland Culver (a galloping major), Athene Seyler and Diane Hart lead the cheerful Criterion party.

WATERS OF THE MOON
(Haymarket).

The scene is a winter-bound guest-house on the edge of Dartmoor. Among the permanent guests is Dame Sybil Thorndike as a lonely, frigid widow—one of the finest performances on the London stage this year—and among the chance visitors Dame Edith Evans is here in accustomed glitter-and-foam. Add to these such artists as Wendy Hiller, Kathleen Harrison and Harold Scott, and you have a cast indeed.

GAY 'S THE WORD
(Saville).

A song called "Vitality" ends the first half of this musical frivol. The word holds the essence of the evening. The players, led by Cicely Courtneidge in glorious swoop, are always vital. They keep enthusiasm on the boil ; and they are lucky to have the book and score by Ivor Novello and the witty, supple Alan Melville lyrics.

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS
(Wyndham's).

This is an inventive fantasia about the Sleeping Beauty, who lies at the core of a German castle and the four assorted Colonels—English, French, Russian and American—who seek to weaken her. It allows Peter Ustinov, the author and principal actor, to parody Shakespeare, Saroyan, Marivaux and Tchehov, often with rich success. As I said at the time, it is not so much a play as Ustinov's own agreeably original variety bill or pocket revue. Moira Lister, Colin Gordon and Gwen Cherrell are others who add to our pleasure.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER
(New)

DURING the first-night interval, and on the stairs at the end, people all round me were talking—and far more excitedly than usual. The oldest hands were remembering Pinero, the day when he was a name of power in the theatre, Alexander was staging him at the St. James's and Irene Vanbrugh was playing Nina Jesson, the rebellious wife. The younger first-nighters (and here I listened unashamedly) talked about the plot, about Pinero's craftsmanship, the architecture of his play that makes much modern work look like ribbon-building. It always delights me to find these rediscoveries of Pinero. They will go on, I hazard, for a long time and in many generations, because—whatever you may feel about his ornate dialogue—Pinero knew that the average theatregoer wants a good, strong story, well told. In his best work he never let a scene trail slackly.

There is no trailing in *His House in Order.* At once Pinero engages our sympathy for the second wife of Filmer Jesson, a priggish Member of Parliament. (It surprises me that Filmer could have sat in anything but an Upper House.) The first wife, Annabel, had been a paragon. Filmer worships her memory. Annabel's grim relatives, the Ridgeleys, descend upon the house. Geraldine, the icy elder sister, acts as hostess. Everything is designed to keep in her place Nina, the second wife and ex-governess, who is regarded by Filmer with disappointment and by the Ridgeleys as less than the dust. At once we sympathise with the girl—she is little more—and we exult when she discovers certain compromising letters (a touch of the Edwardian theatre) that expose the real Annabel : a fallible woman, by no means the Ridgeley idol. What will Nina do with this heaven-offered skeleton in the cupboard ? Will she rattle it, or let it rest ? The play is worked up to a pair of richly theatrical scenes in which Nina's charming brother-in-law, Hilary Jesson—Sir Godfrey Tearle now follows Alexander—has an urgent part. I will merely say here that the first-night curtain fell on an excited thunder of applause : Pinero had conquered again.

The revival, under John Counsell, has various excellences. I am sorry about some rearrangements of Pinero's sets ; but these will not be noticed generally. And most of the acting is in the proper tradition. Sir Godfrey does not press Hilary Jesson too hard at first ; his acting in the big scenes develops a fine force and sting. If you can overlook the fact that anyone of Mary Kerridge's intelligence would undoubtedly have brought the Ridgeleys to heel within a week of the marriage, this Nina is always an understanding portrait. Joan Haythorne sees Geraldine rightly as a wandering iceberg.

Joan Haythorne as Geraldine

George Merritt as Sir Daniel Ridgeley

Mary Kerridge as Nina

Godfrey Tearle as Hilary Jesson

. with J. C. TREWIN

GRIFF at the New Theatre

THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN
(New Boltons)

HERE the trouble is not how to dispose of a body. It is how to get one. The piece (produced by Peter Cotes) is, so to speak, a long Casket Scene. It is a parlour-comedy, but the parlour belongs to an undertaker—or, if you like, a Master Mortician—in Shale City, Colorado. He is an undertaker with vision. He wants the best bodies, so when the richest man in town dies (or is assumed to have died), Bert Hutchins hastens, without permission, to collect the body before a rival firm in Denver gets the prize. Has he not already obtained a peculiarly fine bronze coffin? Splendid; but Bert receives what can only be called a body-blow. I suggest that you should see the piece for yourself at the Boltons. I warn you that you may not be edified. Throughout the frenzied second act I laughed helplessly, but wondered all the time whether I ought not to be frowning. Never mind: you can say that the American author, Dalton Trumbo, weaves a shroud with some relish: the cast certainly does all it can for him. Hartley Power is the Shale City equivalent of the Man in Black, a performance of ripe gusto; and Fred Johnson, as an apothecary—which sounds more Shakespearean than it is—and Launce Maraschal as a doctor, share his enjoyment. It is, in one sense, a deplorable play; but the body-work has a burnish.

POOR JUDAS
(Arts)

ENID BAGNOLD'S gay and imaginative novel, *National Velvet*, and, in a lesser degree, its stage version, stay happily in the mind. They will not be dislodged by the very serious drama, *Poor Judas*, which—short-listed in the Arts Theatre competition—has been having a trial run. A writer who had been helping an old Czech historian (domiciled in Dieppe) with a massive work on "the treachery of the herd," escapes to England at the fall of France, promising to complete the last volume from the assembled fragments. But he believes himself to be a poet and breaks his word while he scribbles vaguely in a little mound of notebooks. Four years later his treachery is discovered. There is, of course, more in the play than that, but it is clear that it does not move easily from script to spoken word.

MY WIFE'S LODGER
(Comedy)

DOMINIC ROCHE has launched upon the West End a simple-hearted Lancashire farce acted in the same vein. Its plot would have been all right for a sketch in a remote variety theatre. Now, and woefully, it has become a full-length farce and lost its way.

Plans for the Future

The last week in September will be among the high tides in the London theatre. I have already mentioned the production of *Tamburlaine* at the Old Vic on September 24. Now it seems that at the St. James's, from September 25, Sir Laurence Olivier will present Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud with their company from the Marigny, Paris, for a three-weeks season. The Olivier-Leigh run of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cæsar and Cleopatra* continues until September 22.

HENSON'S PEPYS.

I am able now to give further details of the musical version of J. B. Fagan's *And So To Bed*, the comedy of Samuel Pepys that had a long run during the 'twenties. In the new version Leslie Henson will be the Pepys, with Betty Paul as his wife and Jessie Royce Landis as Mrs. Knight, one of Charles the Second's band of mistresses. This sounds like a gay company: London will look forward to the play which, with music by Vivian Ellis, production by Wendy Toye, and Mantovani to direct the orchestra, reaches the West End—at a theatre not yet named—in mid-October. Before this, Jack de Leon is presenting the company in Liverpool (first performance on August 20), Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE NEXT MOOR.

London will have two Othellos this autumn—one at the Old Vic and one in the West End. Immediately after the French Players, Orson Welles will produce *Othello* and appear as the Moor at the St. James's, with Peter Finch as Iago. At the Old Vic the Othello will be Dame Sybil Thorndike's son-in-law, Douglas Campbell, and a much-acclaimed young actor, Paul Rogers, is to be the Iago. Here the producer is Michael Langham. Irene Worth (Desdemona), Coral Browne (Emilia), Nicholas Hannen (Brabantio) and Ernest Milton (Lodovico) are in a remarkable cast. I am told further that, besides Donald Wolfit as Tamburlaine, the company for the Old Vic's Marlowe production in September will include Jill Balcon as "divine Zenocrate" and Margaret Rawlings as Zabina.

GETTING AROUND.

Linnit and Dunfee are to stage Jean Anouilh's *Ardèle* in London towards the end of August, with Isabel Jeans, Ronald Squire and George Relph. . . . The Dublin players, from the burnt-out Abbey Theatre, Dublin, will appear at the Lauriston Hall, Edinburgh, during the three weeks of the Festival... The next Arts Theatre competition play, *Right Side Up*, by C. E. Webber, begins its three-weeks run on August 8, with Gerald Harper, Geoffrey Hibbert, Harold Lang, Donald Pleasance and Myrtle Reed.

THE START OF THE RACE.

ROUND THE ISLAND

A commentary on the Island Sailing Club's annual classic race round the Isle of Wight.

by

Group-Capt. E. F. Haylock.

THE scene is Cowes and the time 8 a.m. on Saturday, July 14: the sun is shining and there is a light westerly wind. One hundred and forty-one yachts, a record entry, are assembled for the Island Sailing Club's annual classic event, the Race Round the Isle of Wight, in which the competitors, starting from Cowes, proceed down the Solent to the Needles and west-about round the island to their starting-point, a distance of about 60 miles.

The fleet is divided into two classes: over-25-tons, in which there are but fourteen starters, racing for the Crankshaw Bowl, and the far more numerous smaller boats of the 5–25-tons class. The winner gets the Gold Roman Bowl, a replica of a Roman bowl dredged up in the Thames. The race is unique in that every finisher gets a prize: a pint tankard—and perhaps this is why the race is so popular.

Yachts are handicapped on their Royal Ocean Racing Club rating, for the vessels range from the tall 12-metre, essentially a racing yacht, to the family cruiser built with an eye to comfort; from the ocean racer, efficient, with sheet winches clicking, ready for any weather, to the yacht which seldom ventures into open waters. Sloops, cutters, ketches, yawls; white sails, red sails, blue and green, are reflected in the all-too-still surface of the water; and the crews, some 500 men and women united by a common bond—a love

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. W. BEKEN.

f the sea—are filled with a pleasant sense of expectancy; for every ace is anybody's race and this great concord of yachts is an xhilarating and memorable sight.

Unlike the start of many races in which the helmsman's ambition s to get first over the starting-line, to-day, in the light wind, it is struggle to avoid being swept over too soon by the fast-running vest-going tide.

8.15 a.m.—and down comes the Blue Peter and the class flag, nd the over-25-tons class are away! A quarter of an hour later nd the 127 yachts of the 5–25-tons class get their starting gun, nd in a dense mass they, too, cross the line.

Gradually they spread out over the Solent. Sails are everywhere. nd in the mind of every helmsman there is a gnawing anxiety hat the wind will fail; that he will miss his tide at the Needles. f he does, he will have the mortification of seeing the boats ahead ound the Bridge Buoy and disappear in the direction of St. atherine's Point, for the start of the race is so timed that, with a easonable amount of wind, the ebb tide will take the competitors rom Cowes down to the Needles, where the flood will carry hem up the Channel to Bembridge Ledge Buoy, the easternmost nark of the course. If they are lucky, they will be just in time o be swept down to Cowes and the finishing-line by the ebb. With wind right, it is possible to save one's tide all the way round.

To-day their worst fears are realised. Some of the big class just scrape round, but the sun kills the wind and the smaller, slower boats find themselves still off Yarmouth by three o'clock in the afternoon. Many of them have kedged and others try to work their way through the shallow water in the light airs, only to be defeated by the flood running through Hurst Narrows.

First home in the big class, as might have been expected, was Major R. N. MacDonald-Buchanan's 12-metre *Kaylena*, having taken some 11½ hours for the 60 miles; but the winner, on handicap, was Captain Franklin Ratsey's grand old 28-ton gaff cutter *Zoraida*, built in 1888. In the 5–25-tons class, Mr. C. E. Gardner's 20-tonner *May Bower* was both first over the line and first on handicap.

The leaders were followed by ones and twos, and all through the night a steady stream of yachts crossed the finishing-line off Cowes, made their number and were timed in. Later, in the clubhouse, when the corrected time had been worked out, the result of many a private duel was known, for in a big race much of the fun consists of paying off old scores against a well-remembered adversary. Ninety-six yachts finished. Last home at 10.40 a.m. on Sunday, nothing daunted, was Mr. C. S. A. Simey's yawl *Bingel*, 26 hours 10 minutes out from Cowes—but he got his tankard just the same.

Melvillainy

APPEAL

I think the South Bank really grand.
I think the way in which it 's planned
Could not be more appropriate or fitter.
I think just one thing spoils the place :
The habit of the Island Race
Of desecrating all such spots by litter.

I find the décor bright and gay ;
I find (although I lose my way)
A visit is a thing which cheers and heartens.
But one thing really drives me nuts :
The crass, unthinking, common sluts
Who throw away their empty ice-cream cartons.

I 've learned (through walking several miles)
A lot about the British Isles :
Our industries, towns, rivers, lakes and mountains.
I 've also learned that British folk
Regard it as a splendid joke
To chuck half-eaten sandwiches in fountains.

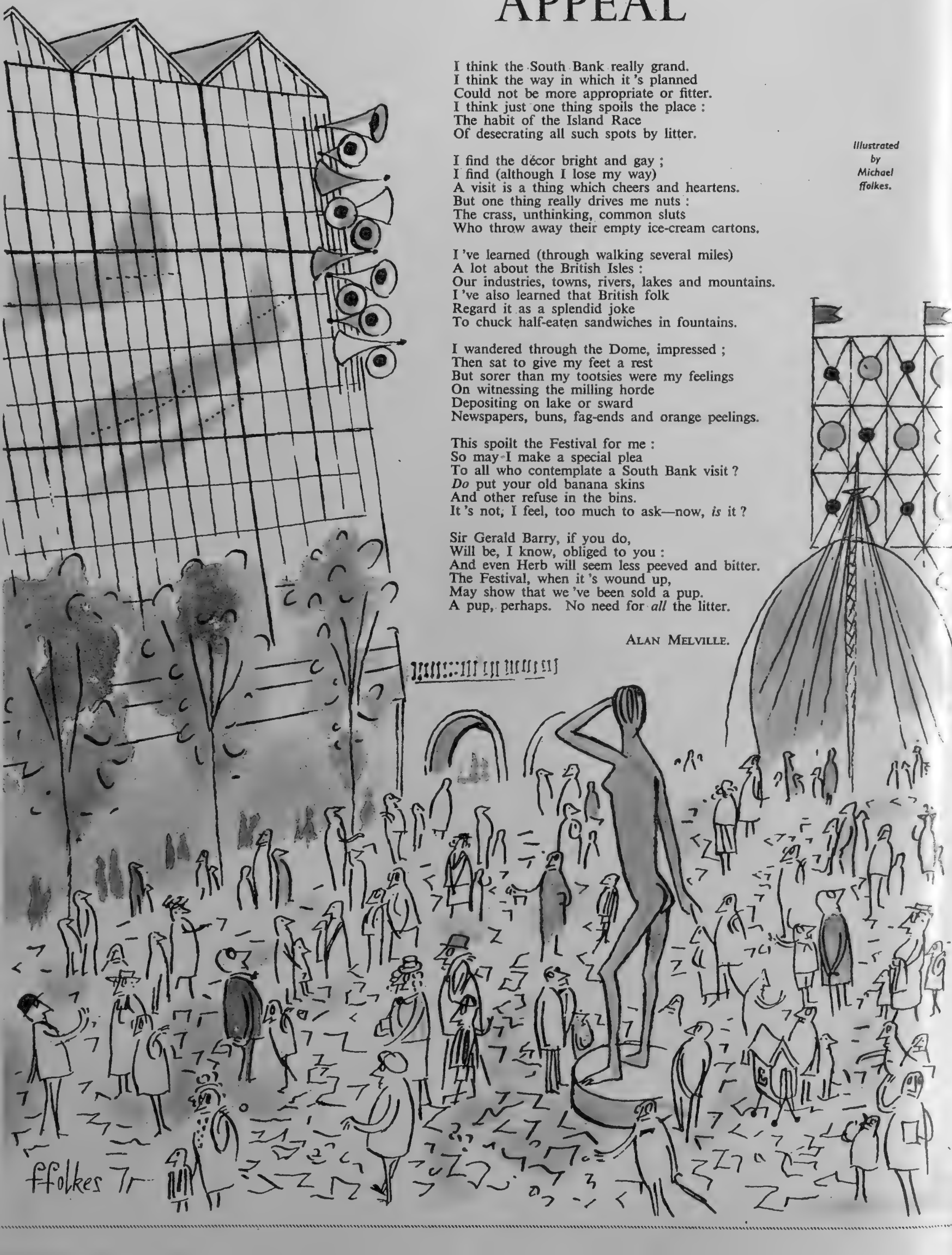
I wandered through the Dome, impressed ;
Then sat to give my feet a rest
But sorer than my tootsies were my feelings
On witnessing the milling horde
Depositing on lake or sward
Newspapers, buns, fag-ends and orange peelings.

This spoilt the Festival for me :
So may I make a special plea
To all who contemplate a South Bank visit ?
Do put your old banana skins
And other refuse in the bins.
It 's not, I feel, too much to ask—now, *is* it ?

Sir Gerald Barry, if you do,
Will be, I know, obliged to you :
And even Herb will seem less peeved and bitter.
The Festival, when it 's wound up,
May show that we 've been sold a pup.
A pup, perhaps. No need for *all* the litter.

ALAN MELVILLE.

Illustrated by Michael ffolkes.



TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

CECIL McGIVERN seems to have a penchant for administering shocks—that is if our spies are to be believed. And we do confess to no end of a jolt when we read a statement by him, made on his return from a recent trip to the States. Its burthen was that he was aiming at more and shorter programmes during the allotted transmitting hours. His argument was that, as more studios were now available, a greater and more varied range of fare should be provided for the viewer. That was all very well, but was Mr. McGivern intending to model B.B.C. television programmes on the American pattern ? Would everything be chopped ruthlessly into hour or half-hour lengths ? Assuming a production of *Hamlet*, was that to be whittled down to a strict sixty minutes ? It was a frightening thought and we got on the telephone in a hurry.

Mr. McGivern laughed when we voiced our anxiety. " Don't worry : nothing like that will happen. In point of fact, I did see a sixty-minute version of *Coriolanus* when I was in the States. It 's not the sort of thing I 'd care to do myself. No, the major programmes, like plays and documentaries, will be allowed to run the full length. But there are other types, which in the past we have had to stretch beyond what they were worth, merely because we hadn't enough studio space to put on anything else. So you can breathe again." Which we duly did.

While on the subject of America, it was inevitable that we should ask for a comparison between our television standards and theirs. He gave the same answer as others have. Some things are better done over here—notably drama. And other things are superior over there—notably light entertainment. In the latter case it always boils down to available finance : the ability to engage the top artists and the top script-writers. Will it ever be different ?

But let us consider some of the programmes that have featured on the credit side of British television recently. The relay of the special performance of *Cosi Fan Tutte* from Glyndebourne, for example. That was a great night. The basic stage production by Carl Ebert is, strictly speaking, outside our critical orbit, but we found it altogether delightful, fluid, in continuous motion, but not overdone. As for the principals, Richard Lewis, Marko Rothmüller, Sesto Bruscantini, Sena Jurinac, Alice Howland and Isa Quensel, we have never before heard six solo voices which, while being of quite individual quality, have yet blended together so perfectly. The introductory shots of Fritz Busch conducting the overture must have been a shock to those who are unfamiliar with his seemingly lackadaisical style—changing his baton from right hand to left, folding his arms and letting the musicians get on with it. But no one could doubt that he knew what he was doing and the same applies to the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. From the purely television point of view, however, the palm of the evening goes to the technicians who made the relay possible. Theirs was a hard task, for the radio road between Glyndebourne and Alexandra Palace runs over a long distance, hill and dale, round bends and corners. The resultant pictures started shakily, but improved during the course of the broadcast. The sound, apart from such moments when the microphone was too far from the singers, was wellnigh perfect.

Now, going into chronological reverse, we come to Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which was nicely done by Fred O'Donovan. As always, it amused at the time and irritated in retrospect—any play written round exclusively tiresome characters is bound to. But credit must go to Rachel Gurney, John Robinson and David Markham for making three types of egotism almost interesting.

Further back we found a revival of an ancient Fokine ballet, *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, with new choreography by Walter Gore, a dull score by Nicolas Tcherepnin, and imaginative production by Christian Simpson. The ostensible reason for this ballet's rare appearances is that it is difficult to stage. Our guess is that it 's because the whole thing is rather a bore.

Still earlier was Charles Terrot's sparkling new comedy, *The Débutante's Father*, produced by Ian Atkins. In it, a young actress, Ann Walford, made a brilliant début in the lead. But she was a lucky girl ; it was a brilliant part.

Passing Show No. 4 covered the light entertainment of the 'thirties, and was the least good of the series so far. Here the company revives *The Lambeth Walk*.

Romance and botany don't go together, especially when combined with wet feet, mumps and revolting food. Ann Walford and Robert Urquhart in a tempestuous scene from *The Débutante's Father*.

Paula Hinton in a *pas de deux* with Walter Gore, who not only danced the male lead, but re-created an almost forgotten ballet by Fokine : *Le Pavillon d'Armide*.

● TALES WITH A STING

THE SILENT YOUNG MAN

By Ralph Arnold

" . . . and apple-tart."

The eminent K.C., having ordered his dinner, turned to the well-known novelist on his right.

" Apple-tart," he repeated. " That always reminds me of old Pybus. It was the one thing that upset him—if there was no apple-tart on the menu."

" Ah, yes, old Pybus. He used the club quite a lot, I remember. Dead, isn't he ? "

" Dear old Pybus." The celebrated actor on the K.C.'s left fumbled for his single eyeglass. " One of the sweetest natures I have ever known. Gentle, you know. Yes, he 's dead. He died a couple of months ago."

He fixed his monocle and stared at the bill of fare.

Evidently the memory of his fellow-clubman outweighed his interest in food, for he put the card down.

" I don't suppose," he began " that either of you ever went down to Pybus Park ? I don't suppose that either of you knew Julia ? "

He leant back in his chair, gazing up at the ornately decorated ceiling.

" Julia Pybus ! "

" Oh, but indeed I used to go there," the K.C. protested. " And most certainly I knew Julia."

" Was that the old boy's wife ? " the novelist enquired. " Rather an old character, eh ? "

The K.C. and the actor exchanged smiles.

" Julia was his second wife," the actor explained. " Years—ah, but years—younger than her husband. She was . . . lovely."

" I think," the K.C. agreed, " the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

The actor nodded, fluttering his pocket-handkerchief.

" Superb," he murmured. " That, I fancy, is the right word. Superb."

It was the pleasant custom at the Irving Club for the members to dine together at the long table ; which accounted for the presence, on the novelist's right, of the silent young man.

" Keen gardener, wasn't he ? " the novelist remarked. " Old Pybus, I mean."

" Do you know," the young man observed, " that almost anything, dead leaves, weeds, grass-mowings, even organic substances, can be reduced to rich loam compost in a matter of months ? "

The actor ordered his dinner and then he and the K.C. and the novelist enjoyed an erudite little discussion about wine.

The young man ordered a ginger-beer.

" Who was Pybus's heir ? " the novelist asked.

" A nephew," the K.C. said. " He 's a member here, I understand, but I do not think that he ever comes. Mind you, Julia led the old man a pretty dance."

The actor chuckled.

" Extravagant, was she ? " the novelist enquired.

" Oh, yes—that. And other things as well. Her heart, dear boy, was as big as her nature. There was nothing small about Julia. She never did anything by halves. I remember one Saturday to Monday—1938 it must have been, or 1939. . . ."

" Did she ever show you the column in the summer-house with a notch for every . . ."

The K.C. broke off.

" Well, well, well," he said.

" Of course," the actor put in, " she could be perfectly outrageous. Perfectly enchanting and perfectly outrageous. But dear old Pybus didn't care. He had his garden and he was proud of her successes. Bless his old soul, he regarded attentions paid to Julia as compliments to himself."

At night, the coffee-room of the Irving Club was really delightful. A little on the heavy side, perhaps, with its green curtains and green walls hung with portraits, but snug and confidential and richly warm.

" What a picture that suggests," the novelist said. " A complaisant beauty, a complaisant husband, and a garden full of flowers. Lilies, no doubt, and night-flowering stocks—all the things that glimmer and smell sweetly in the moonlight."

" Lilies," the young man observed, " respond in a quite extraordinary way to compost. It 's simplicity itself to make. One way is to stack the material in big piles, but many people favour bins constructed from old railway sleepers."

The actor held his glass of wine up to the light.

" D' you remember Julia's pearls ? " he said. " So few women know how to *wear* pearls."

" Tell me," the novelist put in, " will she marry again ? "

The K.C. looked shocked.

" My dear fellow ! But of course, you didn't know."

" You mean—she 's dead ? "

The K.C. trimmed his grilled sole with expert care.

" One day she was," he explained, " and the next she was not."

" You mean she ran off with some lucky young fellow ? "

" Ah ! "

The K.C. sounded mysterious.

" No one," he began, " has ever quite known. No one . . . has . . . ever . . . quite . . . known. It was towards the end of the war. One had one's job. One had one's small responsibilities. It was difficult to leave London. Pybus Park was occupied by American troops. Julia and the old man, as I have always understood, lived quite alone in a gardener's cottage."

He looked to the actor for confirmation.

" That is so. Naturally, there were no week-end parties. Dear old Pybus never came to London. And when the war was over . . ."

" She just wasn't there any more ? " the novelist suggested.

" Exactly."

All down the long table, of which the four men were the sole occupants on this particular winter's evening, candles were burning in big, seven-branched candlesticks.

" Naturally," the actor went on, " one did not like to say anything. One did not like to ask any questions."

" Of course," the K.C. said, " one heard rumours. Julia. . . ."

He beckoned to the wine-steward, and there was a whispered consultation.

" Funny, he went on, " how one remembers tiny things. She had a strawberry mark on her left arm, just below the shoulder."

" Strawberries," said the young man, " can be doubled in size by the judicious application of compost. You would hardly credit it, but they can. And the flavour is enormously improved."

" But surely," the novelist suggested, " you have some theory ? These rumours to which you referred . . ."

" Ah ! "

The K.C. dissected half a roast partridge.

" We used to say," the actor remarked, " that one day Julia would be swept off her feet. Did I make it plain that Julia, lovely Julia, was a very cool and collected person ? "

" No, you didn't," the novelist said. " I pictured her as definitely impulsive."

" Oh, very cool and very collected. Of course that did not prevent her. . . ."

" No," the K.C. agreed. " No, indeed it did not. You asked me if I had a theory. Everything I could find out—and my enquiries, of course, were very discreet—pointed one way. Pybus Park, as I have said, was filled with Americans—coming, you understand, and going, all the time. And one day Julia just . . . disappeared."

" And you have never set eyes on her again ? "

" Never. And none of her friends has received as much as a postcard from her. But Julia did not possess the pen of a ready writer."

The novelist's eye had kindled.

" This is fascinating," he announced. " Quite fascinating. You must think of her as the spouse of some up-and-coming young Westerner, counting the world well lost for Utah or Illinois or Minneapolis or some other of those intriguing places that one reads of, but will never see."

Between the candlesticks on the long table there were silver loving-cups, beautifully polished.

" Isn't it just as it should be ? " the novelist persisted. " You have the memory of this lovely blossom in its prime and will be spared the pain of watching it droop and fade."

" With a dressing of well-matured compost," the young man said, " the flowering life of an herbaceous border can be quite miraculously extended."

" A glass of vintage port," the K.C. said, " and a cigar."

He projected his shaggy eyebrows in the young man's direction.

" I am afraid," he began, " that our conversation must have bored you. You keep on speaking of compost. Why is that ? "

" But you," the young man replied, " keep on talking about Julia Pybus."

" I am sorry," the K.C. observed ominously, " but I am afraid I do not see the slightest connection."

The young man drained his glass of ginger-beer and pulled a crumpled and rather shaming packet of cigarettes from his pocket.

" He loathed her," he began. " Old Pybus, I mean. He 'd loathed her for years. She was vain and silly and an extremely dull companion. And then she began flirting with the young Americans. She grew idler and idler. She wouldn't do a hand's turn inside the cottage or out. They had no servants, and she fed the old boy on boiled eggs and tinned soups. All the gardeners had left, and he struggled with the place single-handed. Fertilisers became impossible to get. He had to rely more and more on compost. The heaps he made became bigger and bigger—as big as haystacks. He constructed some perfectly gigantic bins away in the loneliest and most remote corners of the park. He turned everything he could lay hands on into compost. He told me just before he died—and this really must go no further—that Julia went that way too."

The young man rose, went to the desk to pay his bill and left the room. The K.C. called indignantly to the steward.

" Borthwick, what is the name of the member who has just gone out ? "

" The name of that member, Sir ? Why, that 's Lord Pybus, Sir Harry. The new Lord Pybus."

Personalities

The Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, whose husband is a nephew of the Queen, will be Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth during the Royal tour of Canada in October. She has been a close friend of the Princess for many years and became her Lady-in-Waiting in June 1948.

Mr. Anthony Eden's niece, Miss Ann Caroline Eden, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Noel Negretti, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Negretti. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden.

Miss Vanessa Jebb, nineteen-year-old daughter of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, head of the British Delegation to United Nations, and Lady Jebb, came out last year. This autumn she will read literature up at Oxford.

Miss Felicity Donovan, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Donovan, of Ballymore, Camolin, Ireland, is engaged to David Holman, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Holman, of Rudgwick, Sussex. She plans her wedding for next spring.

Miss Priscilla Pilditch, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Pilditch, of The Knowle, Hindhead, has announced her engagement to John Henry Pappin, only son of Mrs. Pappin, of Guildford. Priscilla has studied stage designing; her fiancé hopes to be a chartered accountant.

Miss Mary Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, nineteen-year-old twin daughter of Colonel Michael Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, of Gastlings, Southill, Beds, is to marry twenty-two-year-old Lieut. Timothy Colman, R.N., son of the late Captain Geoffrey Colman, a director of the mustard firm. Mary and her sister Patricia were 1949 débutantes. Her fiancé is serving in the aircraft-carrier *Indefatigable*.

Rembrandt

By

mid-August

these

dresses

from the

wholesale

model

collections

will be in

the shops

AUTUMN ON THE WAY . . .

Marcus

Dorville

Styling and clean-cut economy of line achieve distinction. Skirt-fulness—flared, easy-pleated or circular—whirls in again this year, while slim-skirted lines, with occasional pleat or panelled treatment for modified fullness are much in evidence. Cravats, detachable grosgrain trimmings, new chiffon scarves, are added touches and again giant buttons are being used to fashion-point important lines.

Opposite : Rembrandt put the " collarless collar " neckline on a fine wool dress with moulded bodice and graceful all-round sun-pleated skirt. Rich black velvet is used for emphasis at neck and cuffs. Sizes, 12-16 at 7½ guineas from Jay's, London. (Larger sizes a little extra.)

Top left : Cleverly tucked dress by Marcus in cigar-brown wool and silk mixture. From Harrods, London ; McDonalds, Harrogate ; at about £28.

Top right : Street dress by Dorville in honey-gold serge, with dropped shoulder-line and wrap-over front pleat. Worn with black chiffon scarf. From Harvey Nichols at £23 10s. 6d.

By Ann Murray

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

WHEN a documentary director tries his hand at a feature film there are certain things you can expect to see with reasonable confidence. There will be rugged native types mixed with the professional players; there will be carefully compèred and loyally untouched pictures of the local countryside; stiles, fields, lanes, stone walls, innocently growing things; there will be people at work on their everyday concerns, which are highly likely to include corn-cutting; above all, you can anticipate a slow pace.

All these things we get in distinguished documentary producer Paul Rotha's first attempt at film story-telling, *No Resting Place*. This is a tale of Ireland, shot in Ireland. (And if you think there is anything tautologous about that statement, you ought to see some of the tales about England shot in Hollywood.) It tells the story of a tinker, a little queer in the head, but likeable, who has killed a gamekeeper in a fit of blind family loyalty and is now on the run from the guards with his wife and small son.

The main trouble with a picturesque and always affectionate film is that he doesn't run very fast. The travels of the tinker's family in their rickety old cart, from farmstead to farmstead, always harried by the authorities, always burning with indiscipline and revolt, are conducted at a sober jog-trot pace. The film is leisurely almost to the point of lethargy. It rouses memories of *Odd Man Out* and *Bicycle Thieves*, but lacks the charity that informed the one and the bitterness that sharpened the other.

One ought to care very much indeed when the tinker's wife dies; when father and son are evicted from their cottage and their poor sticks of furniture tossed out of doors; when they make the best of their troubles and go singing over the hills, only to be caught by the guards, with safety and a new life just over the crest of the road. One ought to be deeply moved, but one is not.

Why, I wonder? There are no false notes in the acting, save very rarely, when Michael Gough, in the leading part, lets his voice slide into a London West End note. Noel Purcell is brilliant as the grim, fanatical old guard, determined to get his man before he retires, and Eithne Dunn, as the tinker's wife, drops shot after shot into the target, sweet and true.

Perhaps what we really miss in the film is a bit of dramatic cheating; the touch that makes things and people and situations seem bigger than they really are. In a thing so meticulously true, we ache for a bit of bravura. *No Resting Place* demonstrates an odd old weakness of the documentary; that reality unaided never seems to strike from the living audience a spark of kinship.

As Young As You Feel provides Monty Woolley with yet another opportunity to give his celebrated imitation of the Man Who Came to Dinner and stayed to dispense large quantities of saccharine philosophy very thinly coated with astringency. It has always been a good imitation, but it is possible for both actor and audience to have too much of it.

He plays a printer who is suddenly discharged from work because he has reached the firm's age limit of sixty-five. In the hopes of convincing his ex-employers that there's a lot to be said for experienced craftsmen, he darkens his beard, adds a piqué edge to his waistcoat and reappears as the president of the vast combine which controls the policy of the printing company. He inspects the factory, charms the manager's wife and is persuaded to address the local Chamber of Commerce on the subjects of American democracy, free enterprise and the dignity of labour. Since he says nothing more original than that he is in favour of them, his speech is naturally a riotous success, filling the headlines and news bulletins for days afterwards. When the real president discovers that the impostor has not only strengthened the entire fabric of the country's industrial relations, but nobly refused to run away with the manager's wife, Mr. Woolley's great age and his little deception are both forgiven him. He is free to go happily back to his linotype machine, having, like a true democrat, unhesitatingly refused a far more responsible and profitable job with another company.

This tale of courage and homely philosophy, we are told, has restored America's faith in the dignity of the individual. It does little to restore ours in the dignity of the individuals who perpetrate such wish-wash for the American screen.

Loretta Young must be one of the very last of the successful old glamour stars, the ladies of the lustrous eyes who made Hollywood, Hollywood. She brings with her memories of the days, not so far ago in time, but incredibly distant in feeling, when Hollywood was glossier and more remote, when film-stars were not all supposed to be simple, home-loving people at heart and American comedies were fast, slick and usually funny.

Half Angel is funny all right, but not quite in the way its authors intended it to be. Miss Young appears as a schizophrenic nurse, prim Nora Gilpin by day, but daring, romantic Jughead by night. (Yes, Jughead is what I said—J-u-g-h-e-a-d.)

Prim Nora Gilpin believes that she detests rich lawyer Joseph Cotten, but the psychiatrists know better. All she really has is an obsession for him. Whenever she falls asleep, Jughead takes over, slips into her prettiest *décolletée* gown and goes out in predatory search for him. Fortunately for everyone concerned, she always finds him, generally at a fun-fair or on the beach by moonlight. On all these somnambulant excursions Miss Young treats Mr. Cotten with a real, though nice, abandon, and the gentleman is naturally surprised when his advances on the morning after are repulsed by a decisive slap on the face.

It might have been possible, I suppose, to wring some real fun out of this situation, at the expense of the psychiatrists and the fashionable schizophrenic nonsense. But Hollywood's approach to it is timid, as might be expected from the serious exploitation of a nation's whimsies.

The most remarkable thing about *The Prince Who Was a Thief* is that Theodore Dreiser (although nearly twenty years ago) wrote the story. I hesitate to say that most *incredible* thing, because there is a lot of competition for that honour. The thing falls roughly into the old *Arabian Nights genre*, but the fact that the heroine is a contortionist gives it what is usually described as a new twist. There is plenty of scampering through bazaars, waving of scimitars and banging on gongs. The villain is called Mustapha and the Princess is called Yasmin. All the walls are castellated (for convenient attachment of ropes when burgling), and the houses resemble slightly intoxicated versions of the South Bank Festival Hall.

The story is simpler than the architecture. It tells of an infant prince of Tangier, marked down by the Regent for assassination in his cot, but spared by the kind-hearted murderer, and reared to be a thief. With the aid of the lady contortionist (good at creeping through bars) he robs the treasure-house of Tangier, saves the city from sack by a Prince of Barbary, exposes the wicked Regent and resumes his throne; all with a dash and swagger, against a moonlit picture-postcard background.

PREVIEW :—

In Goodbye My Fancy, Joan Crawford plays Agatha Reed, hard-headed Congresswoman who accepts an invitation to return after twenty years to her old school and receive an honorary degree. She is greeted (left) by her girlhood sweetheart, now President of the college, Dr. Merrill (Robert Young) and his grown-up daughter Virginia (Janice Rule). Romance blooms anew and Agatha would have married him were it not for the rivalry of magazine photographer Matt Cole (Frank Lovejoy). In a stormy scene (right) with Joan Crawford and Eve Arden (as Woody, Agatha's secretary), he tells her a thing or two and, of course, eventually wins her.

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• THE WORLD OF MOTORING

THE END OF SILVERSTONE?

By William Hartley

NO one will pretend that Silverstone is the ideal venue for major motor-racing events in this country. The wide open spaces inseparable from a converted aerodrome provide little variety of corner and, important from the driver's point of view, almost no landmarks to help with split-second braking points. But many people, both those directly involved in motor sport and those who limit their interest to spectating, will feel regret if this season should be the end of Silverstone.

It has filled very well the essential need for a racing circuit in the post-war surge of enthusiasm and the appreciation of that need that led the R.A.C. Competitions Committee, and in particular Earl Howe and Colonel Stanley Barnes, to seek out a circuit, has had a just reward. Unless the pre-war circuit at Donington Park or a similar type of circuit can be found and put into use, it would be a serious setback for motor-racing in this country if none of the clubs or other bodies see the way clear to taking over the lease of Silverstone when the R.A.C. let theirs lapse at the end of this season. Perhaps we might hope that, in view of the motor industry's major part in overseas trade, the Government departments concerned will make the undertaking less formidable.

Silverstone can look back over some memorable occasions, and it will be linked with names like Stirling Moss and Reg Parnell and with the B.R.M. as long as motor sport goes on. It was there that Stirling Moss first shone, driving a 500 c.c. car, and from there he has progressed with consummate skill to the point where he is rumoured to be under more than active consideration for membership of the Italian Ferrari team.

Reg Parnell must always be synonymous with Silverstone. He has driven there as a member of the victorious Alfa-Romeo team; he gave a demonstration of his superb skill in driving really fast on wet tracks, and his work in the B.R.M., in this year's British Grand Prix, proved him to be a very brave man—if, indeed, any proof were needed. It was my good fortune to have a long talk with him before the G.P. and he was quietly confident. An hour after he had driven the B.R.M. into fifth place, I was with him again and he was, indeed, a tired man suffering, almost without sign, the painful burns on leg and hand which must have made the 270 miles a ghastly experience. His determination to bring a measure of success to the B.R.M., no matter at what personal suffering, places him high on any list of men of achievement. And Peter Walker, enduring the same, is there too, with honour.

Some experience of the traffic problem at the end of major Silverstone meetings has made me appreciative of the wisdom of motorists who have been in the habit of using the unofficial car parks set up by nearby farmers, in Silverstone village, and at other points on the approach roads. Earlier this year I tried the experiment, and the twenty-minute walk to and from the pits area was a very small hardship when one considers the ease with which it was afterwards possible to drive almost freely away. Perhaps a general policy of wider dispersal of car parks would do away with the major nuisance and discomfort of intense traffic jams, which have more than once almost taken away the pleasures of Silverstone meetings. I must add, however, that at this recent Grand Prix meeting the traffic seemed to clear remarkably quickly.

There are some who have always preferred Goodwood to Silverstone, but, agreeable as the circuit is at Goodwood, I have found more of the feelings of tradition-forming atmosphere at Silverstone. The pit area on both practice and race days has been a grand meeting-place and there one has been certain to find, almost without exception, everyone connected with motor sport. The geographical consideration of nearness to the motor industry of the Midlands has made that natural and I for one would deplore a move south for our major events. Far up the list of points for consideration must also be the great strength of support for motor sport in the north of England. It is known—and an inspection of the coach-parks would confirm—that, if anything, more spectators come from the northern counties than from the south. And as with any form of sport, the spectators are important—at least from the promoter's point of view. Not that there have not been many grand days at Silverstone without any ticket-buying watchers. In this year's fixture list there are no fewer than thirteen club meetings, apart from the two major events and the use of the circuit in the R.A.C. Rally. The opportunity for club members to gain experience on this high-speed circuit cannot but help to bring along new and younger drivers to take their place in the Grand Prix class.

To those who have no interest in motor-racing as such, but who merely have a car for convenience, it should be clear that they owe a great deal to racing and its pioneers. Sir Algernon Guinness, rightly regarded as one of the fathers of the sport, has said that more than one reliable and vital part of modern motor-car design owed its inception to thought given to problems which arose when he was racing in Edwardian days. Repeated failures and troubles led to him and his brother designing and making their own sparking-plugs to such good effect that other competitors of those days begged some of his plugs for their own racing cars. From that start grew the modern reliable plug. Four-wheel brakes and quality tyres capable of standing up to hard use are two further direct benefits derived from early racing, and the process has not, and never will, cease.

So I for one would feel nothing but regret should this year be the end of motor-racing at Silverstone. The R.A.C. have done their share in finding it and setting it up, but it is not for them, as the governing body of motor sport in Great Britain, to act also as promoters. Let us hope that news of a renewal of the Silverstone lease will reach us soon, as, short of a return to Donington Park, British motoring needs it.

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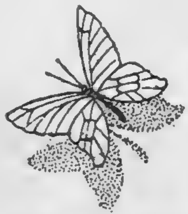

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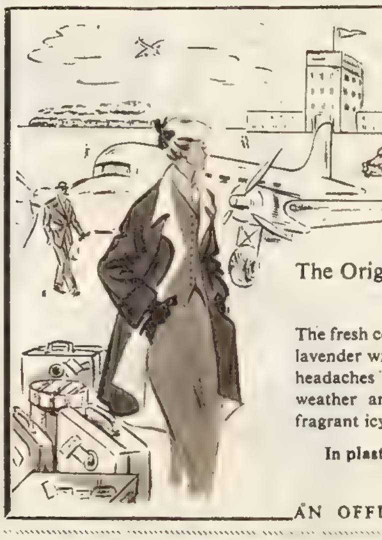

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